



Politics and Cake

A MID that seemingly endless expanse of flats, clotheslines and pavement with occasional weary trees that is called Brooklyn the Long Island commuter speeds to his country home, little dreaming, apparently, what romance he is passing as his electric caravan buzzes toward the woods. It appears an arid land for romance. He does not seem to suspect that he is rushing through an unsung land of neighborliness which is in many respects more like "the old home town" than many places that better look the part.

For Brooklyn, be it known, is not too large or too sophisticated to have—and enjoy—cake sales.

Last week, for example, a cake sale was given by a women's organization of a certain well known political party of the 11th Assembly District for the benefit of their campaign fund. It was an event to make the women of the opposition party sit up, take notice and do likewise.

Can't you just imagine "Boss" Murphy of Tammany Hall instruct-

ing his henchmen how to make politics mix with a cake sale and music, dancing, ice cream and—above all—pretty girls with their mothers and brothers, and fathers, of course, also in attendance?

The cakes—let it never be said that Brooklyn housewives must go to the bakery for cakes or anything bakable—were assembled on a centre table like prizes at a county fair. All manner of cakes—cakes with nuts in them and on them; chocolate, layer, pound, coconut, angel food; cakes adorned with flags and cakes it would take a woman to name correctly, but all "the kind that mother used to make."

Keeping them company on a side table were bulging loaves of home-made bread and pies that looked as if their inwards were yearning to escape.

As the big event of the evening these products of the culinary art of Canarsie, Flatbush and Bay Ridge were auctioned off or sold by shares to the highest bidder.

A boy of high school age, probably a member of a debating team, slender, gawky, and eloquent with a sort of defiant self-assurance that seemed to hide a world of shyness, was called upon to act as auctioneer. The salesroom became hushed with an expectant silence as the auc-

tioner tremblingly selected a cake quite hidden beneath a loaf of white frosting and held it aloft. It glistened under the light like a snow drift in the winter sun. He eyed it uncertainly, then cleared his throat and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, who—who'll bid for this lovely snow cake, this re-mark-able cake, this snow cake. It is!"

A woman behind him protested—probably the creator of the cake—"But it's not a snow cake. It's a!"

"I don't care what it is!" cried the impassioned youth. "There never was another cake like this one, pure as the shining snow."

The bids mounted until a man's voice boomed authoritatively, "Ninety-five cents."

"Sold for ninety-five cents," shouted the perspiring boy. The buyer's little daughter brought a dollar bill to the cake table.

"I wouldn't insult him by giving him back only five cents in change," said the good woman treasurer of the cake sale, folding the bill away.

"Besides, the addition of extra nickels isn't a bad thing for any campaign fund."

Home-baked bread and pies followed the cakes. The room took on the appearance of a Harlem bake-shop at 9 o'clock Saturday night. Little boys ran about the room dribbling fruit juice and pie crust impartially on furniture and floors. A local girl violinist played "Hearts and Flowers."

A candidate for County Surrogate, eager for the woman vote, had a hot bidding contest with a candidate for municipal judge. They bought cakes madly while the women cheered them on and the campaign fund mounted.

One of the candidates had seen service in France as a brigadier general and in addition to that he was an unusually good looking man. When he arrived with his wife on his arm there was a visible flutter among the other women.

And when he departed, this brigadier general, in addition to his wife on one arm, had a cake under the other.

The next day the local papers announced that a certain women's organization of the 11th Assembly District had had a highly successful cake sale. The papers spoke truly.

ing his henchmen how to make politics mix with a cake sale and music, dancing, ice cream and—above all—pretty girls with their mothers and brothers, and fathers, of course, also in attendance?

The cakes—let it never be said that Brooklyn housewives must go to the bakery for cakes or anything bakable—were assembled on a centre table like prizes at a county fair. All manner of cakes—cakes with nuts in them and on them; chocolate, layer, pound, coconut, angel food; cakes adorned with flags and cakes it would take a woman to name correctly, but all "the kind that mother used to make."

Keeping them company on a side table were bulging loaves of home-made bread and pies that looked as if their inwards were yearning to escape.

At the Metropolitan Museum



WITH the return of autumn comes a revival of the indoor sports, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art finds its visitors increasing. Here are a few of these who have come on a "pay" day.

Just to the right of the main entrance they have been attracted by the sarcophagus of Uresh-Nofer, and are getting the thrill that comes on first looking into the tomb of the priest. Uresh-Nofer, it seems, was a priest of the goddess Mut.

Rather Than Simulate Patriotism

A WEEK after he was discharged from his troop transport, still wearing his glib uniform, he started out to take the first steps toward becoming a working civilian. He hadn't much idea of what he wanted to do, not having learned a trade before he joined the navy, and not having acquired any training there that would be of much use off a ship. Still, he was determined to make a go of it on shore if he could.

Going through City Hall Park he encountered a soldier with a red chevron on his sleeve, hurrying the other way.

The two eyed each other, the sailor wondering if the soldier might not have come back from France on his ship.

"Where you going, gob?" asked the soldier.

"Looking for a job."

"Come on with me and earn \$50 a week."

"I'm on. What's there to it?"

"Well, it's this way. I read in the want ad column where it says, 'Discharged soldiers and sailors in uniform make \$50 a week. First come, first served.' Sounds fine, don't it?"

Arm in arm they set out for a particular address near the City Hall. The elevator shot them into the top of a dark office tower and let them out before the door of the Gobblers Publishing House.

One step in, and they found what they had half expected all the time: a small room with a few third-rate appointments and two young men, hands thrust into pockets, standing about waiting for answers to their advertisement.

On a table was a stack of paper-bound booklets with lots of red, white and blue on the covers, and stars and patriotic sentiments about "our boys" beating Germany all by themselves and saving the French and British empires, particularly the British, from utter annihilation.

The sharper member of the firm

locked the two candidates critically up and down in a manner calculated to make them feel privileged by being accepted. His approval fell first on the sailor.

"Well, well, you look ready for action," he said breezily. "Now these booklets here sell like ice cream cones when the temperature's around 100. You get out on the streets, in the subways and on the 'busses, and the people will just have to buy. They'll see those two gold chevrons on your sleeve, kid, and they'll know it's coming to you."

"I'm not so hard up as all that," the sailor objected. "I've a little money left. Why, I'd rather dig ditches than do that!"

"Dig ditches!" echoed the other, incredulously. "Did you hear that, Izzy?"

Just then one of their new salesmen, in soldier's uniform, came in. The leading member of the firm turned to him.

"Joe, tell them straight just how much you made yesterday. Tell them just the straight goods. Don't add anything on or take anything off, Joe. Just tell them what you made for clear profit for yourself."

Joe looked very casual and matter-of-fact, and spoke the same way: "Oh, \$20."

"And haven't they asked to have them in all the public schools, Joe?" Joe paused dramatically, and then nodded briefly, "Sure."

"Look there," and the salesman pointed to a letter framed on the wall, wherein a city commissioner of some sort commended their publication for its deft handling of historical facts calculated to instill love of country and awe of the flag in the breasts of juveniles.

"What do you say?" asked the soldier.

"Let me out of this," replied the sailor.

On the street once more, beyond the taunting irony of "Dig ditches," the soldier "guessed he'd go home."

As he wandered over toward the "L" station the sailor wondered whether his lack of moral support hadn't really robbed the soldier of \$15 a day. Maybe they should have tried it, after all.

At the foot of the "L" steps he paused and bought a bag of peanuts and an apple for lunch. In the street a gang of soiled foreigners were picking and hacking away in a ditch through some torn-up pavement. A burly foreman sat on a pile of sand, with a pipe in his mouth.

"Dig ditches!"

How ugly the workmen looked, how dirty their job. The gob looked at them, fascinated. So that was civilian life.

Reaching under his blouse he took out his worn money belt and inspected its contents. Thirty dollars left—his bonus half gone already.

With \$30 he couldn't get much of a suit of clothes, and then there would have to be a hat, collar and tie, shirts, cuff buttons—everything, in fact, except his navy shoes, which would be good for some time. But if he'd reënter in the navy he could have a good time on that \$30 and get a good reënterment bonus, too.

Out in the street the foreman stirred from his sand pile.

"Get a move on there, you hunks," he was saying to his crew. "I'd think this is an old man's home!"

"Dig ditches!"

A street vender came by.

"Here you are, all about our boys overseas. Latest book; all for 25 cents. You help a service man every time you buy."

That settled it. The gob straightened up, jammed his money belt back into place, and pulled his hat firmly down. Then he started over to where the foreman of the street gang sat, pulling at his pipe.

Provincial Folk

THERE are some New Yorkers who are so provincial that they think the North Pole is just above Yonkers. A few of them have gone on dollar and a half excursions to Mauch Chunk, while some, more widely travelled, have gone on the boat to Kearsburg.

In the hearts of some of these who believe that New York's six million are all the world's civilized population there exists, smouldering but alive, a longing for the open, green country. Sometimes, when the city gets a trifle more rough than usual, or when autos come uncomfortably close, this longing is accentuated.

One of these New Yorkers, after spending four summer vacations at Coney Island, weakened finally to his rural craving and went off to the Adirondacks. He went away with his wife, who once lived in Meriden, Conn., and knew the complaint of the rooster against the invasion of another day's light.

In the privacy of their apartment the New Yorker and his wife had often discussed the country, urge,

a round-trip ticket. He said that he was afraid she didn't understand him, and she straightened his tie and pushed back his hair and assured him she did. They compromised on a two weeks' vacation trip to the Adirondacks.

The day was radiant when they arrived at Caldwell on Lake George. He sniffed the untrammelled air hungrily and took long, deep breaths, exclaiming with an audible "ah," which his wife told him was ill-bred. He countered by remarking that he wanted to forget even the etiquette of the great city.

They finally arrived at their hotel, a homely, old-fashioned place, the hallways smelling like homemade pie, and with ancient trees leaning almost to the roof and knocking against it in the wind.

He hardly waited to deposit his suitcase in their room before rushing down to the lapping waters of the lake, getting into a rowboat and splashing to a place where the foliage seemed like a fragrant wall. He worked his way into this and sat in

the lap of real herbage for the first time in his life.

His wife missed him one afternoon two days later. She searched for him in all the cozy, outdoor nooks which they had haunted, but failed to find him. While at the lake shore she heard some scratchy music, like that excited by an old phonograph, coming from a nearby bungalow.

She peered into the bungalow and saw that it really was a phonograph. It was rendering "Give My Regards to Broadway." Her husband sat close beside it, crying softly. O Henry's "The Four Million" lay open in his lap.

By some speedy packing they made the night train.

In Gramercy Park

GRAMERCY PARK is a bit of green in a lot of brown and gray. Its verdant growth is interrupted only by a few smooth-faced paths and a frolicking fountain.

Third Avenue is a block away from the easternmost end of Gramercy Park. There is an elevated railroad on Third Avenue and there are some little stores, with warm insides and quite opaque windows.

People live over these stores, people with many children, who have dirty faces and get run over occasionally. Nothing could be more as it should be than the attraction of Gramercy Park for the children who live over the stores. It is only one block away, it is grass paved, fountain sprayed and smells nice.

The picture of these youngsters rushing up from Third Avenue and

perate Third Avenues reaching through the railing and wrenching the key from some more fortunate youngster. But these incidents have merely meant that the venturesome stranger departed homeward two jumps ahead of a gardener.

A chubby Gramercy Park youngster whose father's chief worry is the making out of his income tax return met a Third Avenue offspring the other day while the former was playing hockey from the inside of the park. The Gramercy Park boy let the other stand on the rear axle of his bicycle while he worked his fat legs at the pedals until the bicycle flew along around the outside of the park. The boy, with the key around his neck, finally decided to go inside and ride around the foun-

tain, with his new and somewhat soiled friend as a passenger.

"Mon," he said, this being the five-year-old for "come on."

He inserted his key and opened the door and started in with his friend. A stout lady with a white cap told the guest that he could not come in. His chubby would-be host looked up wonderingly at the stout lady. He was a spoiled child, happily so. When the stout lady persisted in refusing to "show him in," he cried a little and then kicked her in the shins. His substantial shoes made her jump about.

But it didn't matter. The chubby boy and his friend from Third Avenue went outside again, rode around the park and up and down forbidden streets all afternoon.

The stout lady put in a bad and sweaty afternoon trying to find the little boy to return the key which he had thrown on the grass, saying that he wasn't coming into the old park any more.

There have been instances of des-

perate Third Avenues reaching through the railing and wrenching the key from some more fortunate youngster. But these incidents have merely meant that the venturesome stranger departed homeward two jumps ahead of a gardener.

A chubby Gramercy Park youngster whose father's chief worry is the making out of his income tax return met a Third Avenue offspring the other day while the former was playing hockey from the inside of the park. The Gramercy Park boy let the other stand on the rear axle of his bicycle while he worked his fat legs at the pedals until the bicycle flew along around the outside of the park. The boy, with the key around his neck, finally decided to go inside and ride around the foun-

tain, with his new and somewhat soiled friend as a passenger.

"Mon," he said, this being the five-year-old for "come on."

He inserted his key and opened the door and started in with his friend. A stout lady with a white cap told the guest that he could not come in. His chubby would-be host looked up wonderingly at the stout lady. He was a spoiled child, happily so. When the stout lady persisted in refusing to "show him in," he cried a little and then kicked her in the shins. His substantial shoes made her jump about.

But it didn't matter. The chubby boy and his friend from Third Avenue went outside again, rode around the park and up and down forbidden streets all afternoon.

The stout lady put in a bad and sweaty afternoon trying to find the little boy to return the key which he had thrown on the grass, saying that he wasn't coming into the old park any more.

Tips on Tipping

THE testimony of the waiter, the barber and the hat checker is that of all those who tip the New Yorker is king, both as to liberality and frequency. Hence, John, the taxicab starter at a West Fifty-seventh Street hotel, does nothing more than make the decision unanimous.

"By day or night, in season and out," declares John, "the tipping man is the New Yorker. So far as I am concerned I would rather

tips will more than double those of the day.

"A rainy night marks a high point in business. Then there are more calls for taxis and the opportunity to preserve evening gowns and dress suits from the wet is offered. On rainy nights during the dinner and theatre hours a starter will make more tips than during a half week of pleasant weather, and the New Yorker of course leads in the size and frequency of the gratuity.

"A starter averages \$20 a week



assist one New Yorker to his cab or taxi than five out-of-town parties.

"The idea of tipping has become ingrained with the New Yorker; it suggests itself when anything is done for him. The man visiting New York does not know when to tip or how to tip and holds back often because he thinks he may give offence and again because he is accompanied by his wife. A man always tips liberally when he is alone or with other men.

"Tipping in our service is greater by night than by day. The night

salary and during the winter months will more than double this amount on the side.

"In the days before prohibition during the busy winter weeks I have averaged \$90 a week, which is the top figure. The indications this summer, or since prohibition became effective, are that this winter will be 50 per cent behind those that have gone before. This holds good all along the line. Of that 50 per cent the New Yorker, as usual, will contribute about 40, for he is the best and surest tipper of the lot."

The sharper member of the firm